BROADWAY NOTE-BOOK.

MEN AND THINGS, THE COUNTRY ROUND. THE PERSONAL NOTES AND NOTIONS OF A BROAD-WAY LOUNGER.

The gap is almost pathetic left in social reminis cences by adeath like Peter Cooper's. When, he was born in 1791 the total population of all the incorporated cities in America was only 135,000, or the present population of America was only 130,000, or the present population of Jersey City or of Newark. The population of the United States was four millions, or the number New-York State had before the Rebellion. When Mr. Cooper was fifty years old the urban population had grown 1,000 per ent; when he was ninety years old it had grown alm 1,000 per cent more. In short, the American cities alone between his birth and death had advanced from 130,000 nearly 1.200,000 souls. The population of Brooklyn at Mr. Cooper's birth was not over 600 souls and its fe houses were relieved against woods upon the Heights The population of New-York City when he was born wa under 30,000 and the place stopped at Chambers-st., and that year the best parts of New-York State were sold to speculators by the Governor for a shilling an acre. agton City had no existence whatever. There were only fourteen States in the Union ; Vermont came in the year Cooper did, Ohio not till he was eleven, Louisiana not till he was a voter. California when he wa) in his sixtieth year. He was eight years old at Wabington's death and lived under every President. Napoleon Bona-parte's name was not whispered when Peter Cooper was He was old enough to have been a city edito when Fulton started the first steamboat. As he was the first citizen of New-York in date, when he died he was probably first in general respect, known as favorably in the streets, on the rocks of Central Park and in the high banks. No man will steal his body nor challenge his philosophy of life. Yet, being dead, the baby born yes-

Let us not be too self-righteous. Infernal machines, such as the Irish are using, and the infernal use of them, too, were developed out of the universities and schools of science in America during the Rebellion. The yellow fever fiend has been honored for his work in spite of his having a burnt and blackened name. An ex-professor of chemistry in Princet in College while in the rebel service began the preparation of explosives, and a Confederate Senator, Oldham, recommended them to Jeff Davis who indorsed the application: "Please see and learn what plan he has for overcoming the difficulty." Lieu-tenant Alston wrote to the Confederate Presidenc: "I wish to proceed to rid my country of some of her dead-liest enemies by siriking at their very heart's blobd; I consider nothing disbonorable naving such a tendency," and this was allowed to be filed as an official paper under tary." Alston was shot dead in the Capitol of Georgia. The first dynamite flend Europe ever knew was a Cana dian blockade-runner, Keith, alma Thomassen. England assisted to breed the cockatrices which are under her walls by her sympathies in the war.

General Barnes, who died last Thursday, gave me an account of the dying scenes of Edwin M. Stanton, while his eyes were yet worn with the watching and wet with the grief of that great man's loss.—the Earl of Chatham erica. It was in his plain office next to Riggs's ank in Washington. Yet there are Ignorant and assas in-minded men who have told me learnedly, since, that Stanton cut his throat. Others know that Martin Luther was frieasseed by a devil and Oliver Cromwell was dreadfully afraid of a picture of Charles I. The father

Canton, the suburb of Baltimore which Peter Cooper ght for \$105,000 in 1828 and sold for \$90,000 partly paid in stock at 45—which he sold in time for 239—is to Baltimore like South Brooklyn to New-York. In 1785 John O'Donnell arrived in Baltimore direct from Canton, China, with a full cargo of Chinese goods; he city, more than two miles along the river. O'Dennell Yorkers, among others Gideon Lee, Francis Price, Ely Moore and James Ramsay, and a charter was obtained for the Canton Company. As recently as 1866 forty-six tores of this tract was sold for an almshouse for only \$150 an acre. The Canton Company's sixes were quoted ast week at 110. Had Mr. Cooper bought at that time in any direction from New-York equally near the city. ey City was sold in a lump in 1804 to three arick and Radeliff, were in the army with Peter coper's father. At the same time Stevens was creating coboken, and as late as 1838 his heirs conveyed all their Hoboken, and as life as 1838 his helps conveyed all their unsold lots to a company like the Canton Company. Baltimore invelgled Mr. Cooper because its railroad to the West, partly built before locomotives were known, frightened every Northern seaboard city, especially Phila-delphia and New-York, which put all their reliance upon the canals for western trade. Yet both cities reached the valley of the West as soon as Baltimore, and New-York by two railways. New-York never slackened her speed; Philadelphia recaptured from Baltimore her de es and by a canal with the Chesapeake drew her

Miss Edith Fish, whose engagement is announced to a son Miss Edith Fish, whose engagement is announced to a son of Sir Stafford Northcote, is in appearance and manners, as in descent, one of the best-blended women of the Republic. The Fish element is good Yankee and Dutch, commercial types both, with military spirit: the burgher quardsman's love of peace and resolve to maintain it with a cutlass, if necessary—peace for the sake of domestic love and thrifty increase. On the other side Miss Fish is a Kean, in which, I think, is the blood of William Livingston, in which, I think, is the blood of William Livingston, in war, respects the best Livingston, near as well as many many respects the best Livingston, poet as well as magistrate; never carried away by personal ambition or re-sentment, as has been whispered of both Robert and Edward, and he was the Republican founder of New-Jersey. His blographer and, I believe, descendant, Theodore Sedgwick, jt., refreshingly says of the death of Governor Livingston's mother: "Little is known of of Governor Livingston's mother: r, save that she was remarkable for her high temper and for those simple and thrifty habits to which he Dutch pedigree entitled her." I have supposed that the latter living in the overnor's old mansion at Elizabeth, where Hamilton Fish, as he joyfully puts it, "got my wife." John Kean, the founder of the Northern family of his name, was a South Carolina Congressman, a Fe eralist and a business man, who was appointed cashier of the first Bank of the United States in 1791. His son, or great-grandson, is the member-elect to ess from the Elizabeth district. The Northcote family is several centuries old, of relative connections no better at any rate than the Fishes, and of public ser-

Eighty ban'ts other than savings banks in New-York and Brooklyn, seventy-one insurance companies, eleven trust companies, fifteen gas companies: these figures make an impression. One bank has its stock quoted at 2,105,or 2,000 per cent premium, because it never yielded to any panie; another has been as high as 800 during the year, and a third 450. A few never are quoted and are almost unknown, but are in addition to the number given. The bank so far up in the scale of prices has a small capital. One bank with five millions capita ted as high as 150.;

In an old country shad would come in with The world has not their equal for fineness, in bable freshness like a water cress, and delicacy, yet with satisfying potency. One shad is the measure of the ntative family. The father's partiality is slown he gives most of the roe. From birth to bone d'aepie is like a silver spirit; poiseless, translucent ing, like the passage of the moon through the are and the sea. Migratory, but with childhood and the sea. Aligratory, but with canonoutles of locality, fruitful religiously, and even in the of young children and large gentle families, sem like the spring lambs of the water, grazing the fields of sheen. What dangers they pass through, going and returning, the innocents in the time of Herod never had. Provided with nothing to make bat-tle, with tiny teeth and ministure fins, they course the like the silver gallcon of old days beset by pirate during nobility, peasant-born. The martyred menhader is their consin, the herring is their step-brother. To see them caught is like seeing angels fall; so peacefully, so flashingly; and in the butcher's shamble they carry upon their delicate armor the light of skies.

Few people in New-York know that the locality, one the village, called Harlem, is the subject of one of the rich in land-title histories. My attention was called to it by a real-estate lawyer, and having spent some time in spartment of local history of the United States, he ed that our ablest and fullest literature was in at, and better than the local history of an d. Boston is now publishing the most ambitious it history in the world, making such a book as

can the list of guests in hope of picking up some riend of his halovon days, when money flew are

lively in Washington, is Johnny Coyle. New-York never make a blind pool on the Presidency. On that occasion Mr. Coyle worked himself in somehow with the various other total wrecks who were going to redress " the great fraud," and he was reported to have sent his wife to Mr. Tilden's door when the old man was limp and haggard from exposure, to request enough of a settle-ment to send Mr. Coyle out of the country, lest he might be a too important witness. Mr. Tilden's guardians repelled the suggestion, and ever since Mr. Coyle has been quartered on New-York. He was the clerk in *The National Intelligencer* office, and the real publisher during the later days of Gales and Seaton, two stately old Turveydrops who thought it beneath them to attend to business, and there-fore were every year before Congress asking that a vast deficiency be made up in their account for printing the debates. In those years Mr. Coyle mastered the business, was a greatman around Washington, could get in any-where, and was constantly saving his country. A lawsuit over the estate of a mysterious but not unknown woman gave Mr. Coyle, figuratively speaking, a black eye in that city. The proprietors of The Intelligencer died poor, and after they passed away, taking the respectability of the concern into the grave with them. Mr. Coyle became "a visiting statesman," and he visits the hotel registers every night to see if any of the great folks of the former days have come to town that they may sym-

Few persons would know a marquis when they saw him and none would identify the Marquis de Chambrun. You may see him standing at the corner of Wall-st, and Broadway at least every other week, glancing with the same eye down both streets; years of diplomacy have enabled him to see round a corner. He is the lawyer who has been bringing astonished French heirs out of obscurity to challenge the right of Mr. Nelson Chase to his property on Washington Heights. Chambrum is a French lawyer who has been living for years at Wash-French lawyer who has been living for years at washington City, where his chief social recommendation is the good character and descent of his wife, who is a grand-nucce of Lafayette. Her husband, however, who has a legal position in connection with the French mission, has a lofty scorn of republican government and a keen eye to business in at least one republic. The French arms debate was of his instigation, and was an attempt to show that seven hundred thousand dollars had been stolen in our War Department in the sale of arms to Chambrun's our War Department in the sale of arms to Chambraia own country, which needed them bodly. Other parties desired to inflame the German G-vernment and v-te on the subject. It is claimed at the Treasury Department that this alleged scendal grew out of n thing but an imperfection in the ledger, which in time was cound to balance well enough. At that time Chambiun was called that the motive of the investigation was to strike some of the contractors in arms. In appearance Chambrun is a men of the middle size, of somewhat slender yet well-fed figure, with a highly nervous yet crafty look, in which faint elements of aristocracy lurk rather than

ception of striking Nelson Chase for a little more cash.
"Big Stewart" was a Kentuckian who lived around the Washington lobby for years, and died in a hospital in this city not long ago. He married Octavia Ridgeley, the principal witness for the defendant in the Sickles the principal witness for the derendant in the sickles murder trial. She was considered a very beautiful woman in Washington, and was an army officer's daughter. When Lincoln was assassinated "Big Stewart" climbed on the stage and ran after Booth, and told some lurid stories about having had one or the other hand on Booth two or three times as he rode out of the alley. Stewart hearing a law argument from Charles O'Conor on the Jamel will case, grasped the idea that he might find some French heirs, and he went to Chambrun hunt them up. After the heirs were "found" and the case somewhat progressed. Chambrun tried to shake Stewart o t of the case, too. Delafield Smith, of this city, advanced \$18,000 for the conspirators to pass legislation at Albany allowing the heirs they meant to find to sue the estate, although aliens. Matt Carpenter did some of his legal gymnastics in the case. Chambrun has survived all the rest, as Aaron Burr survived all in the Burr conspiracy. If Mr. Chase had not been suppased to have had a rich property the French heirs might have been taking their aristocratic meal of tur-nips and crab-apple cider at this moment for all the legal

I saw a gentleman who spent the past three months ! Mexico looking for business investments, par icularly in tobacco; he does not bring a good account of the country. Every train guarded with soldiers from Vera Cruz to the capital seemed to him to be a warlike preface; then in Mexico he saw the gentimen of the town riding with arms in the parks. The people are, in general, meagre consumers of anything but common drink and common meat, and the agricultural facilities of the country are dwarfed by the uncertainty of the society and the as yet immature, not to say demi-savage, condi-tion of almost everything.

A Washington friend who generally gets close to the centre told me that President Arthur's appointment of demonstration against Senator Harrison, who was expected to be the reversionary legatee of Mr. Blaine. It is understood that Gresham lived in Michael C. Kerr's district and ran against Kerr for Congress. There is a large manufacturing interest there, its proprietors said be the wealthlest men in Indiana, the Depauws, who make plate-glass. This house has assumed a considerable prominence in Indiana politics, and Senator Harrison has been friendly with them. During the present winter criticisms, not to say assaults, were made on editor very close to Judge Gresham. These articles were stated, weeks ago, to have been inspired by Gresham, though little evidence was forthcoming on that point. Though apparently directed toward another individual Though apparently directed toward another individual, they aimed at Harrison, who was meantime rising into strong prominence as the next Republican candidate. My friend says that Gresham was described to the President as filling several nice possibilities: First, Garfield had offered to appoint him; next, he had been a Bristow and a Grant man four years apart—the friendship between Bristow and Grant being known to be that of the Kilkenny cats; third, he was against Harrison, whose friends were making a still-hunt for the Presidency and with the influence of the Post-office Department could annihilate the Harrison movement in Indiana and pos-sibly bring that State up for Arthur in 1884. Finally, Gresham was a soldier, and in the present conditi the Cabinet at Washington it was feared that if the British should come up the Patuxent River, as they did in 1814, the entire warlike Administration would take to the woods. Gresham, with a bullet wound, is coming however, and security reigns on the Potomac.

"The late elections," said my ex-Senator, " show that local prejudices and questions far overtop National issues; that the Republican party has submerged itself by success, its conclusions being accepted so generally that there is no more opposition to them, while it is at a disadvantage in local things on account of that homogeneity which makes it the common target for the opposition's heterogeneity: it is the party of moral re straints in an age opposed to old restraints. I lacks a physical enemy. Within it the Puritan and the office-seeking temporizer are at war." "Whatent medicine does it need!" I asked. "Wisdom the wisdom of a national inlook. It must be national again in prescience, and not take positions before it has surveyed the field. It is already occupying advanced eminences too far in front of the line of battle. The tariff question, of which it is the bulwark, it must not be too extreme upon. Put not all your eggs in one basket. The tariff is much, but it is not the whole." Yet he did

The State Capitol building, like Mr. Chevy Slyme, addresses the people of NewYork for a loan, saying " Well, now, suppose we come down to the ridiculous figure of nineteen million dollars, nine shiftings and fourpence." State Capitol buildings are the River and Harbor bills of the State Legislatures. This State can afford her Capitol, but it is a reflection upon the artistic knowledge of the State rulers that they should go blindly into a quarry like this, led by a Macbetbian trio of weird sisters of Gothic architects. The vision of such architects is all they possess; as Mrs. Malaprop says, "they visionate between earth and heaven." Magistrates should know as much about architecture as other gentlemen and have the restraining influence of a public responsibility over those genil; but I never saw a public man who knew a on from a pliaster, nor an architect who knew a column of gold from a plastre.

near by, had a favorite scheme of a national university, auch as is projected now for Columbia College. He had to put it by after Jefferson made a little Timothy of him and told him that the Constitution conferred no power to do anything except to carry the elections and go wild.

I venture to suggest that perhaps in the way I venture to suggest that perhaps in the way mankind has of mistaking the form for the thing, that we have the national university here already. The medical colleges and law colleges are a good deal of it. The Cooper Institute as well as the School of Mines is a part of it. The street architecture, the en-gineering works, the innumerable ateliers, are its mu-seums. A very great metropolis always is a university. MASKS AND PACES.

Prom Temple Bar.

The stage was bright, the plaudits rang.
The play was nearly o'er;
With happy voice the player sang
"She never sang or looked so fair."
The people whispered low;
But the real tale of the woman there
Nobody cared to know.

The circus crowd was gay and glad,
And lond the whirinz ring;
Huzza! the rider rode like mad,
As jocund as a king.
Huzza! to watch him laugh and leape
They cheered him high and low;
But the tears that lav in his bosom deep
Nobody cared to know.

And we all are players for our day
On the stage of life we fare,
Each with his little part to play,
Each with his mask to wear.
And what is real 'it's vain to ask,
And what is only show;
For what lies hidden behind the mask
Only ourselves may know.
F. E. WEATHERLY.

THE GREEN TURBAN.

A MYSTERY.

A MYSTERY.

It was October 24, 187—, and the thick, melancholy afternoon was sinking into murky night. We sat, that is, I, the youngest of the family, our old invalid mother, and Edward, just returned from a voyage to San Francisco—we sat about the fire in the long, low drawing-room, while our sister Charlotte went to her own room to lie down San had taken a long walk by the cliffs and the sands with Edward—too long, he thought, considering that she had just recovered from the prostration consequent on a too assiduous nursing of mother—and he kept glancing anxiously toward the door as if he would follow her 'Poor Lotty' he said, 'Pin afraid she's not nearly well yet, mother; and she complained when we were out of her eyes smarting with the sea air.'

when we were out of her eyes smarting with the sea air.

'She's been far from strong for a good while now, poor child,' said mother; 'and she's been a peor one to sleep since she watched with me so much. I hope, I do, she s not going to be ill.

At this suggestion we sat silent and looked at the fire. We sat thus for some time until our servant entered and announced that tea was ready. We had little more than sat down when we were startled by a shriek, and the servant rushed back into the dining-room as pale as a dish-cloth.

'Oh, missus!' she cried: "oh, misster! But I've inst met Miss Charlotte at the door of her room looking so fears me like, and she caught hold of me and tried to speak, but couldn't, and it took me so sudden and she looked so queer that I ran away!'

and instant we were all out of the room and into Charlotte's. She hay on her bed either asleep or in a faint.

'She has fainted, said mother.

'But what is this?' extained Edward, showing a large scar across her left wrist. Get some water, said he to me, while mother produced her smelling sails.

said he to me, while mother produced her sheling-saits.
Edward chanced to touch, perhaps to press, her left hand, and that did more than either the saits of the water to bring her round. She winced as with pain, withdrew her hand, looked round slowly upon us, and then with a sudden turn glaured learfully behind her.
'Have you found him? Have you seer him?' she demanded.
'Him?' we glanced at her and at each other.
'Who?'

Oh,' said she, after a reflective pause, 'I suppose

She jeared as ther and at each other. Have you seer hunt?

Have you found him? Have you seer hunt?

Him? we glanced at her and at each other. Him? we gland a set on the property of the prope

mention something about a nigger—that nigger off Cuba. But, my boy, a yarn would rever operate in this way, and produce burns and bruises. I say, mother, we must send for Dr. Arnot. There must be something serious the matter with the poor girl. We'd better let her be till he comes, I think.

Dr. Arnot, a retired hospital lecturer on pathology, who lived in our village and aministered to all the nelgaborhood—administering not only physic but also counsel and concention, much after the manner of Balzac's Dr. Benassis— was sent for, and we sat down to puzzle over the mystery till he should come. Tea was waiting, but we had

for, and we sat down to puzzle over the mystery till he should come. Tea was waiting, but we had now no mind or appetite for tea.

'I have read, you know,' said I, '—— you must have read it, too, Edward——' No.' interrupted he, 'I'm pretty sure I haven't if you've read it; you're a scholar and our reading does not com nouly cross. What is it?'

'Well, that nuns, devout and fasting, by long contemplation of the crucifix have produced the stigmata—the marks of the wounds, you know—on their own bodies.

'But Lotty,' said Edward, 'is not a nun, she does not fast; surely you don't think she's been contemplating a scarred figure. Still, Jim, lad, I dare say there's something in your idea, if we could find it. Now, you know, I feel almost sure that's a real vision she's had; something is going to happen like that. The green turtan, now maybe you don't think anything of that particular, but I just recollect this; when I used to voyage to the Levant, among all the white and dirty turbans I have seen I never saw one green, but I have heard they are worn on great occasions by those who claim to be direct descendants of the prophet—the false prophet Mahomet, you know. It's a vision, depend on it.'

'But you don't think, do you, that burns would inflict themselves in a vision before they have ever been made?'

'Well,' said Edward, 'we'll hear what Dr. Arnot says.'

Dr. Arnot was very fond of our sister, and he

"Well, said Edward, 'we'll hear what Dr. Arnot says."

Dr. Arnot was very fond of our sister, and he came at once to our summons. In a few minutes more he was ushered into the room where we were. We told him what had happened, and he went and looked at Charlotte.

'Um-m! Feeble pulse, but steady enough. Have you looked at eliscolored spot just upon the cerebellum! 'It's very, very remarkable. Mrs. Raven, will you kindly undo her sleeve a little!' He looked closely at the scar. 'It's a most extraordinary case! Never knew anything like it before! She has slept pretty quietly since she spoke to you?

He stoon watching her and holding her wrist for some moments, and then turned away and said down in silence.

'What do you think of it, Doctor?' asked Edward after a decorous ause. 'I think, you know, it's an extraordinary vision she's had of something that's going to happen to some of us-to me maybe.' 'Ah, perhaps it is, Captain', 'Jim there thinks—'and he repeated what I had aid.

'Ah,' said he and gave me a glance of investigation and turned his chair mure toward ne 'that sur-

'Ah,' said he and gave me a glance of investigation, and turned his chair more toward us, 'that suggestion looks in the proper direction; your notion,
Captain, accounts for the story, but not for the stigmats. Let me teil you something which will bring
the suggestion a step nearer your sister's case. I
knew a lady who one day from the end of the hall
saw the door swing-to in a sudden draught upon
the fingers of her little boy. She was so struck with
horror for the moment that she could not stir not
cry out, but she felt a sudden dart of pain into her
own fingers. Which made her almost faint. She

heard no cry from the door; she went and opened it. The boy was unburt, but her fingers were as if they had been caught in the door, and I thought they had been a went to see her. I have heard of several similar cases—all women, and women of extreme sensibility. Now, said he, 'your sister's case is in some of its features like these. She is very sensitive, and her sensitiveness has been increased by -with a glance at mother—by recent illness; she has the stigmata for, rather, the stigmal and not only the stigma but the pain. But, so far as we can see, it wants the most essential point—a sufficient antecedent cause. In the case I have mentioned there was that; the mother saw her boy bruised, as she thought, before her eyes. I can't consider, said he, turning mere particularly to the captain, 'that merely to dream of being stanned and burned is enough to produce marks so very like those of stunning and burning; there must, I think, have been some stronger compelling cause, and what that is we must try to find out. Yes. You don't happen to know, he asked after a pause, addressing as generally, 'whether there is any one abroad she is very much interested in her?'

'A lover, d'you mean? said Edward, including mother and me in his look of inquiry.

'I don't think there is, said I.

'I'm sure there's not,' said mother; 'no girl could be freer from such a thing. However, you had better ask her yourself, dector, when she wakes.'

Yes,' said he, 'go, go by ah means. I shall sit by her till she wakes.'

When we reruined he had his note-book on his knee, and he was writing rapidly. We disposed ourselves here and there till he had finished writing and shut up his note-book.

She has not stirred yet,' said he. 'This is to me the most interesting case I have ever observed; it seems to me a new departure in these strange studies of the marvellous power of the mind over the body. Marvellous f miraculous, some people would call them, because they occur so seldom and net therefor so little understood. In the cases I have known or

end."

One hour, two hours passed, and our sister still lay motionless. Mother grew very lidgety, and so ald Edward, and asked Dr. Arnot whether he had better do something to rouse her from her sleep. He so far yielded to their urging as to feel her pulse again and to use his stethoscope, but he ended

better do something to rouse her from the seed.
He so far yielded to their urging as to feel her pulse again and to use his stetloscope, but he ended with. Wait a little."

It was nearly to clock when, with a sudden tremor as of fresh life through her limbs and a painful flushing of the tace, she opened her eyes and turned toward us. We were easy to question her, but again the doctor said, wait a little. He ordered a cam of tea for her. When that was drunk he began gently to question her.

Had she slept causa soundly since her last waking f Quite. No kind of disturbing aream had visited her? None, one at all; her sleep had been quite vacant. Had she any idea what had set her eff on that strange aream he had been told of f She could not guess. Would she mind repeating it to him? She tald it to him as she had told it to us.

Now, said he 'think; recollect. Is there no one abroad, in the east, perhaps, who has been in your thoughts a good deal lately, in whom you take a great interest, of whem you have thought to-day, maybe?

She paled a little, glanced at Edward, looked at her bands, shook her bead, and said, 'no.'

maybe f
She paled a little, glanced at Edward, looked at her hands, shook her head, and said, 'no.'
'non mean,' said the doctor, 'no one but your brother, who may soon be abroad. You are quite sure there is no one else you are much interested in,

'Are you writing to accept that American ship, Edward' she asked.

I am going to, Lotty. Why! what's the matter, my girl' 'Oh. I don't know what to say! But don't take that ship, Edward' 'Why, poppet! Have you been thinking something may happen to me? Have you been dreaming again? Come, sit down, my girl.'

She went and stood by him and looked down. 'I have been dreaming again,' said she, 'but the same

She went and stood by him and looked down. 'I have been dreaming again, 'said she, 'but the same kind of dream as before. Twice—a week ago and last night—I dreamt I was lying in great distras, with horrible things creeping and crawling about mengh! and the face in the grean turban came, and he grasped me by the wrist, and then it all dissoived, and I felt somehow I was not myself but someone else; and I'm sure some friend is lying in some horrible prison in the East and wants our help. So if you don't take the ship for the East, Euward, I don't know what i shall do!' And she looked exceedingly distressed.

'But the East, my girl,' said he, 'means a great deal.'

deal.'
'Couldn't you go to the prisons and find if there was any one you know there?'
'Can I go the round of the prisons and ask. "Is there anybody who knows Captain Raven here?"
Even if they would let me enter the prisons, it would take a year or two to go through them—Syria, Egypt, Tripoli, Tunis, and all round where they happen to wear turbans.'
'Is there no natticular place where they wear green turbans?'
'Not that I know of.'

'Not that I know of,'
'What shall I do?' Oh, it will be on my conscience, and he will keep coming to me in dreams!
'He? Who?'

'He? Who?' she repeated, looking strangely nonplassed, I thought, 'The man in the green turban.'
Well, my dear,' said Edward, 'you know that I'd
do anything to save your litte linger from an ache,
It doesn't matter to me; I'll take the Mediterranean ship, and make inquiries as I go along.'
'Lotty,' said he, 'you know that I am going to
the Mediterranean on your errand; I would take it
kind of you, if you can make any sort of guess, that
you should tell me whom I am to look for.'

She turned her face to the pillow and 'urst into
tears' 'Oh,' she said, 'I wish I could: I have told
you I felt I was some one clee, or as if I and some
one were—were one, and I thought I turned and
turned but could not see the face. Oh, I wish I
could tell you, Edward; for if you don't find who
it is I shall die! I feel as if that person had my life
and were drawing it out of me!'

In the end of June we received the following letter from Edward:— 's.s. Falcon, Bay of Tangler, Morocco. May 20, 187-.

May 20, 187—.

'You will be surprised to receive this letter so soon after my last, with its words of no hope of success. You will see that I am out of the Mediterranean. This is how it has come about. The owners having heard I suppose, of the famine among the Moors, telegraphed to me at Fort Said to ship a cargo of grain and come on to Taugler and Mogador. Now, I'm constantly inding out, when I think everything's gone to jumble, that something or other happens that shows me that I'm no better than a heathen, and that things in this world really fit and work like the tackling of a ship. That is not a remarkably wise or clear moral, but you'll see presently what I mean.

'1 arrived off this port with a fine cargo of wheat yesterday. This morning very early I landed—after

yesterday. This morning very early I landed—after being fought for by half a dozen yelling natives—I landed on the back, or rather the shoulders, of a swarthy Moor with a smooth-shaven poll. I was walking along, sometimes squeezed up against the wall by a groaning camel, sometimes

Signature of the state of the s

shippers; my mule, my instruments, my money, everything they went off with, and left me lying half senseless and barcheaded in the sun. After a while I woke with my head burning and throbbing, determined to pursue my way to Wazan and bring my robbers to punishment. I knew I was out of my robbers to punishment. I knew I was out of the route to Fez. and that on the bare trackless plain we were traversing, there was little hope of coming upon any traveller, or even upon an inhabited dhar, but I knew too that Wazan was due north, and I struggled on. Ah, my dear friend, it I could tell von all I did sufter you would not believe I could tell von all I did sufter you would not believe I could talking to you. I did not sleep that night; I lay in a delirium. In the morning I found a spring full of tortoises; but that the people like, they say it makes the water good. I drank, and I found some berries and ate. Later in the day I came upon a duar of twelve tents I received some milk, shelter, and rest for that day and night, and next morning I set out with an additional piece of clothing upon me. Well, I say no more about those days. On the fifth day, about sun-down, I was out of the hot glaring plain, and close to a cool grove of tamatisk trees outside the little white town of Wazan. I plunged into the shade, and as I went deeper I came upon fruit-trees and upon melons. I tore open a melon and drank, and I ate of the delictors fruit and went on. And now through the trees I saw a building; I thought it was a kübba, or tomb of a saint, and I took off my slippers, as a true believer should do on holy ground. I pressed on and came out into the open, and then I saw that it was no kübba that was before me, but a magnificent palace—the palace of the Grand Shereef I gnessed. Then, it is impossible to say why, an immense disgast came upon me of my wanderings, and I longed to be out of this lovely, treacherons, lying-in-wait land; I desired wings to fly away, but I was very weary, and I only iound a secluded

mense disgust came upon one of my wanderings, and I longed to be out of this lovely, treacherons, lying in-wait land; I desired wings to fly away, but I was very weary, and I only round a secluded spot to lie down and go to sleep in. I had a little more than laid down when I received a violent blow on the back of the head. I rose to my knees and looked round, and saw standing over me one whom I knew to be a Shereef by his green turban ——"

"So you're the man then," I said. "But go on,"
"He stared at me a moment, and went on.
"—and I knew him to be what they call physician by the figures on his body-dress, and by his pen of charcoal which their physicians always carry. 'Dog!' he cried in Moghrebbin, 'I have followed yon; I have formd you out! See!' and he pointed to my feet. 'Has a true believer hard things on his toes, or the toes crooked as you have you are a Christian! You shall not longer deceive the people with your N'zareny sorcery!' With that he seized me by the neck, held my arms to his sides with his knees, and snatched a red-hot iron from his pan. I struggled and got one hand free, and the iron that was intended for my eyes burned this hand, as you see. I was struggling still more when I saw a man of fine figure and of pure white dress, pass slowly near the palace, and I called aloud, 'Abd-es-Salam! Abd-es-Salam! That is the name of the Grand Shereet, and I guessed the man may be he, and so I cry aloud; for it is the law or the be he, and so I cry aloud; for it is the law or the custom, that if you see the Sulian or the Grand Shereef and call upon his name he must consider

Shereef and call upon his name he must consider your case."

"Just so," said I. "It came all right, of course, or you wouldn't be here. Now," said I, "Dr. Bengson, i have always liked you, and I won't use strong language to you, especially considering you had such a shave; but why the devit couldn't you get through your trouble without bothering my sister about it?"

"Your sister?" Your hand.

Your sister?" You should have seen him look at me and from me to Secsh. "It is impossible for me to understand what you mean."

"Now," said I that happened last October, you said; October the twenty-fourth."

"Perhaps it was one day in the end of October,"

*aid he.

"Now," said I, "don't try to get out of it. On that same day, and at that same hour my sister Charlotte saw and felt the same things as you saw and relt;" and I told him all about it.

"It is," said he, "2 very remar_able coincidence."

cidence."
"Coincidence be hanged!" said I. "You did it, "Coincidence be hanged!" said I. "You did it, if a doctor's word and your own evidence is worth anything!" (I was getting warm, you see, and he was getting to look coid and pale.) "Dr. Arnot," said I, "a clever man—you know him—said that only to dream of stunning, and burning, and stabbing is not enough to produce the effect of all the three; in he said the only way was for some strong sympathy, he called it, to be thetween the girl and some one else to carry the effect from one to the other along the string. The girl didn't know anything of where you were or what was happening to you, though I suspect she must have thought of you sometimes, so you must have thought of you sometimes, so you must have telegraphed, so to speak, the things on. And a mean, cowardly thing," said I, "I think it is, Benigsen, that you should put your troubles on my sisten-try to put your pains on her. That's what I think of it; and a very shabby business it is, in my opinion."

"He looked at me. "But," said I, "look as you like, you can't look me out of that, especially when

stumbling into a hole in the abominable street or rather lane, when I heard nyself halicu—

"a Hi" Captain Eaven,"

"I looked round and up, but I could see nobody, looked round and up, but I could see nobody, astonished and pat cut I felt. Now, who do you astonished and put cut I felt. Now, who do you think it was f You remember the bonry little German dector that sailed with me when I was in the Baltic and Archangel trade, and that I brought home with me to see you about two years ago!

"Well, it was he—Herr Benigsen!

"What the dence," I cried, staring at him—"what the dence are you doing here!"

"Men " said he—"why not I as well as you?"

"But, said he, "come in here with me, or we shall be tredden to easth."

"I went in with him, but only for a minute; because, as I told him, my business—man a Moorish Jew, would be waiting for me.

"It is Moses Seesah, I know," said he. He noticed that I stared, and he said, "Moses does nearry all this trade you're in—I know you bring grain from Alexandris. Moses told me; he is of my religion; I know him well. Now you will go on with the man that was guiding you, and I will come at once—at once, my dear friend, and we shall have a big talk."

"I went on, and did my business with Secsa. There was not much to be done except to arrange."

I know you've been at my sister several times since, troubling and upsetting her. It may be going on vet for all I know. You must give me sounes art of vet for all I know. You must give me sounes art of vet for all I know. You must give me sounes art of vet for all I know. You must give me sounes, at I have found you that you ill not trouble hee, "I will have any more."

"A what the dence are you doing here in that you will not trouble hee. I will, when you will, to trouble hee. Your sister,—I will not trouble hee girl in that way any more."

"A what the dence are you doing here in that you will not trouble hee. I will, when you will, to trouble hee. Your sister,—I will not trouble hee. I will, have a such your English home, but I have done a

prove it?"

"Oh," said he, "I must come with you to your home in England and look into the matter myself. You are going home," said he, "after you have been to Mogador: I am going to Bavaria now, to act according to my uncle's will. Meet me in London...

cording to my uncle's will. Meet me in London-when?"
So I invited him, you see, not to wait to meet me in London, but to go straight on home and meet me there on September 5, the day before Charlotte's birthday.

I need not quote this long epistle further. With its arrival, Charlotte, who was still troubled at frequent intervals by the extraordinary vision, began to improve, and to look forward with feelings of her own, I thought, to September 5. There had been no need to ask her if Benigsen had never been in her thoughts before she had that peculiar vision; her tell tale face when the letter was read sufficiently proclaimed that he bad occupied her thoughts a good deal; still when the question was put to her. Had she not known whom her dream concerned face she had nore than one vague and troublesome guess.

I unst say I was suprised for my part at Edward's

have had more than one vague and troublesome guess.

I must say I was suprised for my part at Edward's simplicity in not suspecting (as he appeared not to suspect) that the ready ofter of this German-Jewish doctor to come to our house to explain the mystery was not so much prompted by love of science as by love of a 'nandmand' more attractive to young blood. I was not disposed (any more than I suppose Charlotte was) to blame the adventurous doctor for his lack of openness; for, first of all, love delights in subterfuge, and then there were special reasons why he should say nothing to Edward of his love (supposing always he did love Charlotte); for he was not only a foreigner, but of a race with which, he doubtless knew, old-fashioned Englishfolk are averse to intermarriage; and, after the peculiar revelations of Charlotte's inclination to him, he might wish to assure himself by sight and speech that he was still of the same mind regarding her, before he should commit himself to an express proposal.

we were an anxious household that on September 5 awaited Benigsen's arrival. Edward had come home the day before, and seeing the remarkable change in Charlotte and her manifest flutter of shame and love, fear and hope, he had looked around on us with the open looks of a discoverer, and exclaimed, with seamanlike frankness and irrelevance. Well, I'm bleat? On the 5th it was evident that his sudden discovery weighed upon him, and in a moment of confidence he remarked to me:—

winent this amount of confidence he remarked to me:—

'She seems to like it; I don't. I hope he won't come. I was a fool to ask him; I should have seen his drift. I don't believe he'il have any explanation to give at all, except that absurd measurements, clairvoyance, or something of that sort!'

Yet he set out to meet Benigsen at the station, and in due course returned with him.

Dr. Arnot was invited and came to hear the promised explanation in the evening. In the meaatime Benigsen had had a private conference with Chariotte, to receive from her own lips, he said, the story of her dream. It is probable that the story had been accompanied by something clae from her lips, for upon entering the drawing-room he beckned Edward and me aside and said he had our sistor's permission to inform us that if he gave a rational explanation of the vision which still haunted her, and it he could banish it from her, then in two months she would listen to certain proposals of—of love and so forth. Did we object he asked. No, we could not object.

'Did you propose the two-months' bargain?' I asked.
'I did,' he answered.

Did you propose the two-months of the saked.

'I did,' he answered.

'I thought,' said I, 'it did not look like an arrangement Charlotte would make.'

'Do you think,' said he, 'she would have herself proposed a longer time—a harder bargain if'

'On the contrary,' said I; 'I think she would not herself have proposed a bargain at all.'

He looked at me dolefully, and we turned for the explanation. He asked us to accompany him to a room he had been shown at his request—mother's room.

explanation. He asked us to accompany him to a room he had been shown at his request—mother's rcom.

'Now,' said he, with a glance aside at Dr. Arnot, 'I do not deny the supernatural; I only say I know nothing about it. But I know a little of the natural: I think it, therefore, my duty, as a man of science, to understand and explain, if I can, anything out of the common rather by things which I do know than by things which I do not know.' That, thought I, sounds very clear and fair. 'It i important to remember,' he continued, 'that Miss Charlotte did spend great part of every day and night of three months in this room—'

'Yes, poor girl,' said mother, 'that she did..'

'And that on October 24 she had gone out for a long walk for the first time for many, many days. She was very fixed when she returned and she went to bed. Her mind was not weary, though her body was, and the open light of out-doors—'

to bed. Her mind was not weary, though her body was, and the open light of out-doors—'
'It was a very duli day, said I.
'The open light,' he continued, 'stimulated the sense of sight, stirred up and made as if it were alive the stored images of the retina' (At this Jr. Arnot looked up with a frown of inquiry.) 'Now place this lamp and shade where it usually stood on this table, and sit any one here where Miss Charlotte usually sat; now look there at that figure on the carpet close to the curtain where the light falls; does it not look like a dark angry face with a black beard, and does not the bottom of the green curtain, arranged so, appear like a green turban upon the head?'

We each went to the proper place to look, and

We each went to the proper place to look, and confessed that it was very easy to see, where the light fell, a dark face and green turban; charlott) even recollected—at least, said she recollected—having noticed the appearance sometimes when sitting with her mother.

'She could not help but see it,' said Benigsen, triumphautly,' it is so clear. Now, my next point,' said he, 'is more difficult. Miss Charlotte's mother has made the admission to me that her daughter—she supposes from waiting so closely on her night and day so long, and from rising up so often not more than half awake to get her something—has frequently walked in sleep from one part of the room to mother's, without any one but her mother knowing of it; that is not to be surprised at, for a lady does not like to have it known. Well, when she went to bed that afternoon there was a fire in her room, although there was none when she woke up and when her brother came in; she knows there was a fire because she remembers burning a paper in the before she went into bed. Now, from the nature of before she went into bed. Now, from the nature of the case, I cannot make a demonstration, I can only present a suggestion; and first I would beg to ask the young lady a question: Did she not wish afterward that she had not burned that paper I—I know not what the paper was. cot what the paper was.'
Charlotte blushed and looked down in confusion

ward that she had not burned that paper I-1 know not what the paper was.

Charlotte blushed and looked down in confusion and said, Yes.

'So, continued he, 'may not she, wishing in her sleep, have got out of the bed and gone to the fire thinking to take back her letter from the ashes, and so have burned her wrist on the hot bar of the grate? 'Now, metaphysicians,' said he, with auchter glance at Dr. Annot, 'have long noted that a dream that seems to involve a long train of events sometimes occupies no more than a single moment of actual time. For instance, a pistol report that really awoke the sleeper has been known to give him an instantaneous yo' apparently drawnout series of adventures, including a quariel, schallenge, and a duel. The burn on Miss Charlotte's wrist if suggest it), acting through the sense of touch upon an aching cerebellum, weary limbs, and stimulated sight, produced on the instant the sfory we have heard: the coming in from a wide sandy plain (she had been on the sands in the afternoon, the appearance of a shining palace (which this house may have when the sun is on it), the blow an ithe head, the face with the green turbum, the almost ineffectual struggle of the weary limbs, the hot iron to put out the eyes, and the burn on the wrist. I would beg you to note, continued he with a more particular inclination toward Dr. Arnot, 'as an important medical diagnostic, that the man in the turban did not speak: I take that and the rightness and variety of the colors seen in the dream as evidence of the truth of my suggestion that the whole mystery is due after the burn to the stimulation of deranged sight.'

He and down. We looked at the presentment of the face and the green turban on the floor, and then we looked at each other.

'Um-m,' sand Dr. Arnot to us in a low tone, 'it seems very plausible. The chief thing,' he continued, raising his veice, 'I find against year theory, Dr. Benigsen, is your own experience of the same things in actuality at the same hour, though at a great distance.'

'But, h